A Looking-glass for a Tory; Or the Bogg-Trotter's Glory

To the Tune of Hey Boys up go we.

THE Devil and we have done brave things,
No age can match the fame;
We have disturb'd the best of Kings,
Set *England* in a flame.
We've made his Subjects almost mad,
A man that's blind may see
And yet we have escaped a gad,
Such crafty Knaves are we.

We Swear this Hour and next deny
What we before had Sworn;
Both God and Conscience we defie,
Religion we do Scorn:
If we confess, the Priests forgive,
What sins so e're they be:
Like Devils on earth we mean to live,
Such Perjur'd Knaves are we.

We make new Plots to hide the old,
And thus we please the Pope;
Let us but have the Roman Gold,
Wee'l never fear a Rope.
Wee'l make old *Tony Cooper* know,
That we such pranks can play,
As shall give him a gentle blow,
The clean contrary way.

An Oath in Bonny-clapper dipt,
Goes nimbly down our throats:
Wee'l venture to be hang'd or whipt,
For sixpence or two groats.
We fear no collours red nor blue,
Our wits are gone astray,
We go to Heaven (give us our due)
The clean contrary way.

Oh Cram a Chree the times are hard,
We know not how to live;
If that our Oaths should be debarr'd,
And Pope no Money give,
Why fait and trote dear Joy we must
With our Potatoes play,
And the English would preserve our dust,
The clean contrary way.

But by my Gossips hand a *gra*,
Our Priests have spurr'd us on,
And we will try to stretch the Law,
Before we will be gone;
Wee'l swear for shooes and throw our brogues
To the Devil on New-years day;

We

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We know that none will count us Rogues
The Clean contrary way.

A Testimony Maker may
Spring up within a night,
We know that many a man will say,
A Mushroom's come in sight:
But let them rail and slight us now,
They shall our glory see,
The Devil and Pope our Trades allow,
Sing hey boys up go we.

If we could Swear the Pope again,
Unto the British Shore,
And see the English Rascals slain,
And tumbling in their gore;
Then every Teague would get his Land,
Rebels of each degree;
And we might with our Swords in hand
Sing hey boys up go we,

Now by Saint *Patrick* let us try
What man can Swear the best,
A Pox upon a Common lye,
Let's swear above the rest.
Let's swear that every Protestant,
Their Sacred King would slay,
And we shall rise let who will want,
The clean contrary way.

Let's swear the Papists ne're did ill,
Since Mass was first in fashion,
That they had neither pow'r nor will
To hurt the English Nation:
That they're as harmless as a child,
Which ev'ry man may see.
And when our Oaths have them beguil'd
Then hey boys up go we.

Let's Swear that *Godfrey* hang'd himself,
Because he could not wed;
And then he forfeits all his wealth,
And the Plot will all lye dead.
Let's Swear that these *Morocco* blades,
Brought *Oats* but tother day
Upon their pretty *Barbary* Jades,
Though the clean contrary way.

Let's Swear with all our force and might,
There was no Powder Treason,
And then one fasting day take right,
You know it is but reason.
Let's Swear the City ne're was burn'd
By Papists that did flee,
And then the Stream will soon be turn'd,
And hey boys up go we.

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